LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00019937525

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

The old woman who lived in a shoe

Mother Goose

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

EDITED BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

Illustrated by

MACHAN KNOWLES

NEW YORK
THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY
1911

-29993

PZ 8
.3
.M85
Jo

Copyright 1911 by
THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY
Published October, 1911

PRINTED BY
THE F. A. BASSETTE COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

©Cl.A300631
No.1

Introduction

THE present volume, unlike most editions of Mother Goose, was prepared especially for American readers. It is a very full collection, yet I have not attempted to make it complete, for by no means are all the old nursery verses of value. The sooner, indeed, some of them are dropped into oblivion the better. The omissions include the ungrammatical, and what is coarse and rough-mannered, and such verses as depend for their interest on a knowledge, which our children lack, of foreign places, persons and customs. Yet here are practically all the familiar favorites, and numerous other excellent rhymes besides, culled from the fresh traditional material that has been constantly coming to light. I have gone to many sources and have aimed to retain, if otherwise unobjectionable, whatever has charm of thought, piquancy, or a pleasing jingle. Where there was a variety of versions, as there usually was in the case of the more popular rhymes, care has been taken to select that which was clearest and most sprightly.

I suppose all the children, and a large proportion of their elders, as well, would like to know who "Mother Goose" was—did she write all the jingles, or how does it happen that her name is associated with them?

At one time it was vigorously affirmed that she was a Boston woman, the mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet,

a well-known printer of that city from 1712 to 1758. That there dwelt in early Boston a respected and prosperous family by the name of Goose or Vergoose the records amply prove. Mrs. Goose, Fleet's mother-in-law, was a widow when he married her daughter. Presently a son was born to the daughter, and Mrs. Goose came to live in the printer's family in the same building where the shop was located. Thereafter, she spent much of her time taking care of the baby, and she crooned to it ditties she had learned in her younger days, until the printer, "half distracted with her endless strains," and yet realizing that he must submit to the infliction, resolved to write down the old lady's songs and publish them with such others of the same sort as he could collect. The result was a book called, "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children."

Such was the story, but careful investigation has shown that Fleet never published such a book, and that the connection of the Boston Mrs. Goose with our collections of nursery rhymes is purely fanciful.

In the main, these rhymes belong to a very remote period and have been handed down from generation to generation. Many of them were doubtless repeated thousands of times before they were ever put on a printed page; and, except in a few instances we have no knowledge as to the authorship of the verses.

Most of the rhymes are of course nonsense, and were never intended to be otherwise. They owe their origin to the fact that children have to be amused and lulled,

and a bit of rhyme will quiet them when peevish, and amuse them in the twilight, when they are tired of romping and racketing. The mother or nurse would usually sing or recite from memory, and through forgetfulness, or chance inspiration, old songs and stories were contracted, or received touches of improvement. If circumstances favored, the condensed or variegated form won wide acceptance, and the older form might lapse into entire disuse. Thus in the earliest books Jack and Jill were both boys and had many strange adventures; the more ancient telling of the Pussy in the Well story makes no mention of a rescuer; and the jingle about the dame who lost her shoe stopped with one verse. Or take the rhyme starting with, "One misty moisty morning"—this was once an old song of fifteen stanzas known as "The Wiltshire Wedding," which appeared in a book entitled, "Pills to Purge Melancholly." Then there is "Jack Horner"—he was once a giant-killing hero in a ballad of considerable length, of which now nothing is left but the plum-pudding incident. This illustrates the evolution of a large number of the old rhymes. Only as much as the children themselves found natural, harmonious, and palatable continued in common circulation.

In the great majority of cases the story each verse tells is due to no other origin than the clashing together of rhymes.

Little Jack Jingle
Used to live single

because the rhyme required it; and for the same reason

Little Jack-a-Dandy
Wanted sugar-candy.

Some verses, however, have a definite object, as the improvement of a child's memory, or the teaching it the letters of the alphabet, or the ordinary numerals, and in a few instances the inculcation of good habits.

I have spoken of the Boston Mother Goose myth. Mother Goose has also been attributed to French origin with probably better foundation in fact. There is evidence that even before the year 1700, "Tales of Mother Goose" was a popular synonym for fairy stories in France. Tradition declares that a certain French king about the year 1000 had a wife named Bertha, whom he divorced, and that one of the feet of this Bertha was shaped like that of a goose. The populace therefore called her "Goose-footed Bertha," and "Queen Goose." Her grotesque fame long survived her, and it came to be a habit to speak of any incredible tale as belonging to "the time when Queen Bertha spun," and to call such a tale "one of Queen Goose's stories," or "one of Mother Goose's stories."

The earliest book of tales attributed to Mother Goose that was published in England appeared in 1729, and was a translation from the French of the famous fairy-tale writer, Charles Perrault. It included such notable stories as Little Red-Riding-Hood, Blue Beard, Puss in Boots, and Cinderella, and was evidently very successful. Mother Goose having thus been introduced

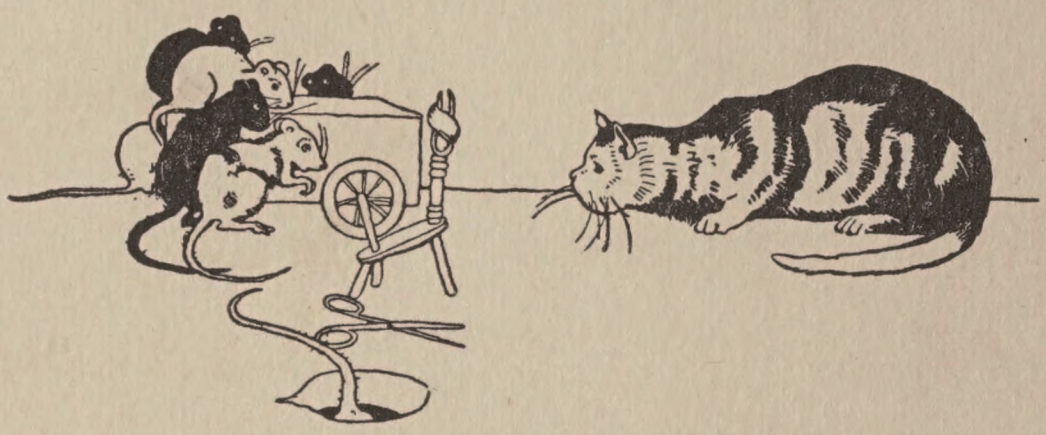
to English readers it was a natural and easy step to attach her name to nursery jingles. This was done in 1760 by Newbery, a London publisher famed for being the first in England to prepare little story books for children. It was, however, a very slender collection that he produced. There were only about fifty nursery rhymes in the book and these were followed by a "Part II. CONTAINING THE LULLABIES OF *Shakespear*." To each jingle was appended a moral maxim or humorous comment. For example, to "Baa, baa, black sheep," was added, "Bad Habits are easier conquered Today than Tomorrow;" and after "The Cat and the Fiddle" was this: "It must have been a little dog that laugh'd for a great dog would be ashamed to laugh at such nonsense."

This English "Mother Goose" was reprinted in America at Worcester, Mass., by Isaiah Thomas in 1799. The next issue of Mother Goose melodies appeared in Boston about twenty-five years later and ran into many editions. Hitherto the hold of the name as connected with nursery rhymes seems to have been very slight either abroad or here. But the repute of Mother Goose has ever since been firmly established, and the issues of these traditional jingles under her name have been almost past counting.

CLIFTON JOHNSON

Hadley, Mass.

Mother Goose Rhymes



SIX LITTLE MICE

Six little mice sat down to spin.
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"
"Oh, no, Miss Pussy, you'd bite off our heads."

THE DOVE AND THE WREN

The dove says, "Coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two."
"Pooh, pooh," says the wren, "I have ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen."

FIVE LETTERS

F for fig, J for jig,
And K for knuckle-bones,
M for Mark the waterman,
And S for sack of stones.

A SPOILED HORSE-SHOE

Jack Jingle went prentice to make a horse-shoe.
He wasted the iron till it would not do.
His master came in and began to rail.
Says Jack, "The shoe's spoiled, but 'twill still make a nail."

He tried at the nail, but chancing to miss,
Says, "If it won't make a nail, it shall yet make a hiss."
Then into the water he threw the hot iron, smack!
"Hiss!" quoth the iron; "I thought so," says Jack.

MY LADY'S DISHES

Wash my lady's dishes,
Hang them on the bushes;
When the bushes begin to crack
Hang them on a beggar's back.
When the beggar begins to run
Shoot him with a leather gun.

THE MAN WITH A GUN

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.
He went to the brook and saw a little duck
And shot it right through the head, head, head.

Then he carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And told her a fire to make, make, make
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
While he went back for the drake, drake, drake.

But when he got there and fired off his gun
He failed to hit the mark, alack, lack, lack.
So turning about he set off for home,
While the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

DOB

There was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat called Chiterabob.
"Cob," says Dob,
"Chiterabob," says Mob.
Cob was Dob's dog,
Chiterabob was Mob's cat.

THE SHOEMAKER TURNED SAILOR

My Johnny was a shoemaker,
And dearly he loved me.
My Johnny was a shoemaker;
But now he's gone to sea,
With sticky pitch to soil his hands
And sail the stormy sea.

But he will be a captain by and by,
With a brave and gallant crew.
Oh he will be a captain by and by
With a sword and spyglass too;
And when he is a captain bold
He'll come back to marry me.

SIX GEESE

Wire, brier, limber lock,
Six geese in a flock;
Two flew east, two flew west,
Two flew over the cuckoo's nest.

TWO

Thomas a' Tattamus took two T's
To tie two tups to two tall trees
To frighten the terrible Thomas a' Tattamus.
Tell me how many T's there are in THAT.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT

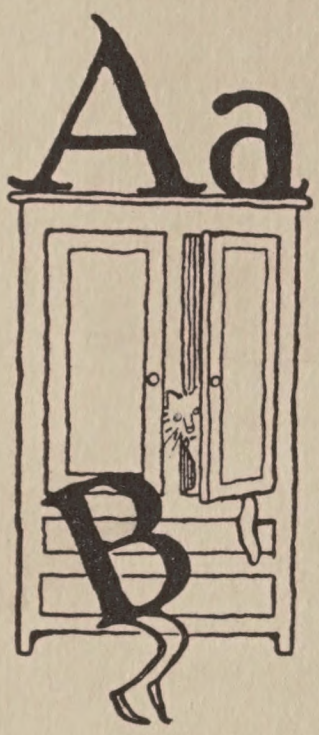
Dame Trot and her cat
Sat down for to chat.
The dame sat on this side
And Puss sat on that.

"Puss," says the Dame,
"Can you catch a rat
Or a mouse in the dark?"
"Purr," says the cat.

BILLY POD

There was a man in our town, in our town, in our town,
There was a man in our town, and his name was Billy Pod;
And he played on an old ladle, an old ladle, an old ladle,
And he played on an old ladle, with a fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the good roast beef, the good roast beef, the good roast beef.
And he ate up all the good roast beef, and his name was Billy Pod;
And he played on an old ladle, an old ladle, an old ladle,
And he played on an old ladle, with a fiddle, fiddle fe fum fo.



THE CAT IN THE CUPBOARD

Big A,
little a,
bouncing B,

The cat's in the cupboard
and can't see me.

ON HORSEBACK

Here goes my lord
A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot!
Here goes my lady
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter!
Here goes my young master
Jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch,
jockey-hitch!
Here goes my young miss
An amble, an amble, an amble, an amble!
The footman lags behind to wash off the mud and grime,
And goes gallop, a gallop, a gallop, to make up his time.

JACK HORNER AND HIS PIE

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

'Twas Christmas Eve, the day's work o'er,
When I looked through the kitchen door;
The cock sparrow flew over the table,
The pot began to play with the ladle;
The poker stood up like a crazy man,
And vowed he'd fight the frying-pan;
The coal-hod, speaking from the floor,
Said he never saw the like before;
And the kitchen clock I was going to wind,
Said he never saw the like behind.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread
And packed them all off before sundown to bed.

Little Jack Horner

A STAR

I have a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep,
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
Poor little creature! she has but one eye.

THE BREEZE

Summer breeze, so softly blowing,
In my garden pinks are growing.
If you'll go and send the showers,
You may come and smell my flowers.

FOR BABY

You shall have an apple,
  You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle-box
  When your dad is come.

PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
And put it in the oven for baby and me.

AN ENGAGEMENT

Thomas and Alice met in the dark.
"Good evening," said Thomas;
"Good evening," said Alice;
And so they began to talk.

"I'll give you," said Thomas—
"Give me?" said Alice;
"I prithee, love, tell me what."
"Some nuts," said Thomas.
"Some nuts?" said Alice;
"Nuts are good to crack."

"I love you," said Thomas.
"Love me?" said Alice;
"I prithee, love, tell me where."
"In my heart," said Thomas.
"In your heart?" said Alice;
"How came you to love me there?"

"I'll marry you," said Thomas.
"Marry me?" said Alice;
"I prithee, love, tell me when."
"Next Sunday," said Thomas.
"Next Sunday?" said Alice;
"I wish next Sunday were come."

SMOKE

A house full, a yard full,
And you can't catch a bowl full.

EARLY TO BED

Early to bed
And early to rise
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where do you wander?
Upstairs, downstairs
And in my lady's chamber.
With a quack, quack, quack!
I'll soon come back
To get some sugar and ginger.

THE GREEDY MAN

The greedy man is he who sits
And bites bits out of plates,
Or else takes up an almanac
And gobbles all the dates.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A CURL

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

WINTER

Ah! hear the wind blow!
And see the deep snow!
Where now are the birds we loved to hear sing?
They're where 'tis warm,
They're free from all harm,
They'll come back again in the spring, in the spring.

THE OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BASKET

There was an old woman
tossed up in a basket
Nineteen times as high
as the moon.
Where she was going I
couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she car-
ried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman,
old woman," quoth I,
"Whither, oh whither,
oh whither so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off
from the sky,
And I will be back again
by-and-by."

THEN AND NOW

When I was a little boy I washed my mother's floor;
Now I am a man of wealth and drive a coach and four.

When I was a little girl I washed my mammy's dishes;
Now I am a woman I roll in golden riches.

UNCLE JOHN

Uncle John is very sick; what shall we send him?
A piece of pie, a piece of cake, a piece of apple-dumpling.
What shall we send it in? In a piece of paper.
No, paper is not fine enough. Send it in a saucer.
Who shall we send it by? By the king's daughter.
Take her by her lily-white hand, and lead her over the water.

BILLY AND POLLY

Billy, Billy, come and play
While the sun shines bright as day.
Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still.
Billy, Billy, have you seen
Sam and Betsey on the green?
Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o'er the new-mown grass.

Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will sing a pretty song.
Oh, then, Polly, I'll make haste,
Not one moment will I waste,
But will come and hear you sing,
And my fiddle I will bring.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
  To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
  And Jill came tumbling after.

Then up Jack got and home did trot
  As fast as he could caper,
And went to bed to mend his head
  With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in, and she did grin
  To see the paper plaster,
Then mother, vexed, did whip her next
  For causing Jack's disaster.

THE LENGTH OF THE MONTHS

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except in Leap Year, when's the time
That February has twenty-nine.

THE FARMER AND THE RAVEN

A farmer went trotting
Upon his gray mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him,
So rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried, "Croak!"
And they all tumbled down
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare bruised her knees
And the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven
Flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them
The same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

BETTY BLUE

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe.
What shall little Betty do?
Buy her another
To match the other,
And then she'll walk in two.

A SLOW DONKEY

If I had a donkey that was too slow,
I wouldn't wallop him, oh, no, no!
I'd trade him for another that could go.

THE COURTING

Ah! once I courted as pretty a lass
As ever your eyes did see;
But now she's come to such a pass,
She never will do for me.

She invited me to her own house,
Where oft I'd been before,
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

THE ALPHABET

A, B, C, and D,
Pray, playmates, agree.
E, F, and G,
Well, so it shall be.
J, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S,
Love may we possess.
W, X, and Y,
Will not fight or cry.
Z, and &,
Go to school at command.

EVENING PLAY

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day.
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street.
Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny loaf will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

APPLE PIE

An apple pie, when it looks nice,
Is bound to make one want a slice;
And if the taste should be nice, too,
I fear one slice would scarcely do.
So to prevent my asking twice,
I hope you'll cut a good large slice.

THE TEETH AND GUMS

A flock of white sheep
On a red hill;
Here they go, there they go,
Now they stand still.

THE CROW AND THE TAILOR

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape a cloak.
Sing he, sing ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring to me my old cross-bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
Sing he, sing ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
And shot his own hog right through the heart.
Sing he, sing ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring me treacle in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
For our old hog is in a swoon.
Sing he, sing ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

PIGS

A long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without a tail;
A big pig, or a little pig,
Or a pig with a squeaky wail.

THE DERBY RAM

As I was going to Derby all on a market-day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay;
On hay, on hay, on hay;
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir; this ram was fat before;
This ram was ten rods round, sir; indeed he was no more;
No more, no more, no more;
This ram was ten rods round, sir; indeed he was no more.

The horns that grew on his head, sir; they were so wondrous high,
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the sky;
The sky, the sky, the sky;
As I've been plainly told, sir; they reached up to the sky.

IN THE OLD CHURCH STEEPLE

As I was going up the old church steeple
I met a crowd of crazy people;
Some were white, and some were black,
And some were the color of a ginger-snap.

A WINDY DAY

As I went by our little pigsty
I saw my stockings hanging to dry.
I took off my jacket and left it there
To flap with my stockings in the air.
The wind blew high, and down they fell
Jacket and stockings into the well.
"Oh!" says the jacket, "we shall be drowned."
"No," says the stockings, "we shall be found."
The miller passed by; they gave a great shout,
He put in his hand and pulled them out.

AN ADVENTURE

As I went over the water,
The water went over me,
And I saw two little blackbirds sitting on a tree.
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief;
I took up a stout oak stick
And knocked out all their teeth.

A SURE TEST

If you are to be a gentleman, as I suppose you'll be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile for a tickling of the knee.

CATCHING A HARE

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
The little one upon the right.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, that I have,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

A FINE SONG

"Bow, wow," says the dog,
"Mew, mew," says the cat,
"Grunt, grunt," goes the hog,
And, "Squeak," goes the rat.

"Tu-whoo," says the owl,
"Caw, caw," says the crow,
"Quack, quack," says the duck,
And what sparrows say, you know.

So, with sparrows and owls,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs,

A fine song I have made
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung
'Twill be charming to hear.

THE APPLE PIE ALPHABET

A was an apple pie.
B bit it,
C cut it,
D dealt it,
E enjoyed it,
F fought for it,
G got it,
H hid it,
I inspected it,
J jumped for it,
M mourned for it,
N nodded at it,
O opened it,
P peeped at it,
Q quartered it,
R ran for it,
S spoke for it,
T took it,
U upset it,
V viewed it,
W wanted it,
X, Y, and Z
All wished for a piece of it.

A REQUEST

Grasshopper, grasshopper, grasshopper gray,
Give me some molasses and then hop away.

THE DAFFODIL

Daffy-Down-Dilly has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

A SUNDAY WALK

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

BEES

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay.
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

AN INVITATION

At early morn the spiders spin,
And by and by the flies drop in;
And when they call, the spiders say,
"Take off your things and stay all day."

ARITHMETIC

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
And fractions sorely puzzle me,
While cube root drives me mad.

NIMBLE JACK

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.

THE BIRD-SCARER

Away, birds, away!
Take a little and leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there will be an end of you.

ONE

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

A DANDY

A little pig found a twenty dollar note
And purchased a hat and a very fine coat,
With trousers and stockings and shoes;
Cravat and shirt collar, and gold-headed cane;
Then, proud as could be, he marched up the lane,
Says he, "I shall hear all the news."

A PROPOSAL

Bonny lass, canny lass, will you be mine?
You shall neither wash dishes, nor serve the swine;
You shall sit on a cushion and sew a seam,
And you shall eat strawberries, sugar, and cream.

A RIDE IN THE CARRIAGE

Bring out the carriage exactly at five;
We'll all go riding and Harry shall drive,
The little dog Tray shall run by our side,
And when he is tired he may jump in and ride.

A SICK RATTLESNAKE

As I went up Salt Lake
I met a little rattlesnake;
He'd eaten so much gingercake
It made his little stomach ache.

JENNY WREN

As little Jenny Wren
  Was sitting on the shed,
Wiggle waggle went her tail,
  Niddle naddle went her head.

CHARLEY AND THE BAKER

Charley, Charley,
Took some barley
Out of the baker's shop;
The baker came out
And gave him a clout
And made poor Charley hop.

CHERRIES AND BERRIES

Cherries ripe, cherries ripe!
Who will buy my cherries ripe!
Berries red, berries red!
Who will buy my berries red?
Ripe and rosy cherries,
Fresh and fragrant berries,
Buy and eat, all so sweet,
Berries red, cherries ripe;
Very fresh and very cheap.

Who will buy, who will buy?
Thus from morn till night I cry,
Up and down, up and down,
As I wander through the town.
Who will buy my cherries?
Who will buy my berries?
Buy and eat, all so sweet,
Berries red, cherries ripe;
Very fresh and very cheap.

THE BOY AND THE SPARROW

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped and chirruped, so merry was he.
This little cock sparrow sat on the green tree
Looking as happy as happy could be.

A boy came along with a wee bow and arrow
And declared, "I will shoot that little cock sparrow."
"Dear me!" cried the sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay,"
So he flapped his wings and flew far away.

LEARNING THE ALPHABET

Come hither, little puppy dog,
  I'll give you a new collar
If you will learn to read your book
  And be a clever scholar.
"No, no!" replied the puppy dog,
  "I've other fish to fry,
For I must learn to guard your house,
  And bark when rogues come nigh.
With a tingle, tangle titmouse!
  Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
  F, G, H, I, J, K."

Come hither, pretty cockatoo,
  Come and learn your letters,
And you shall have a knife and fork
  To eat with, like your betters.
"No, no!" the cockatoo replied,
  "My beak will do as well,
I'd rather have my victuals thus
  Than go and learn to spell.
With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
  Robin knows L, M;
N, O; P, Q; R, S, and T,
  U, V; W, X; Y, Z."

Come hither, little pussy cat,
If you'll your grammar study
I'll give you rubber shoes to wear
Whene'er the gutter's muddy.
"No! whilst I grammar learn," says Puss,
"Your house will in a trice
Be overrun from top to bottom
By flocks of rats and mice.
With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K."

Come hither, then, good little boy,
And learn your alphabet,
And you a pair of riding boots
Like your papa's shall get.
"Oh, yes! I'll learn my alphabet,
And when I well can read,
Perhaps papa will give me, too,
A pretty, long-tailed steed.
With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
Robin knows L, M;
N, O; P, Q; R, S, and T,
U, V; W, X; Y, Z."

LOST AND FOUND

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddle-stick
And doesn't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddlestick
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe
And master's found his fiddle-stick,
Sing doodle-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master with his fiddle-stick
Will fiddle a tune for you.

A MAGPIE

A magpie sat on a pear tree,
Heigh O! heigh O! heigh O!
Once so merrily hopped he,
Twice so merrily hopped he,
Thrice so merrily hopped he,
Heigh O! heigh O! heigh O!

A WELL

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me, ree,
Perhaps you can tell what this riddle may be:
As deep as a house, as round as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't draw it up.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who chased them away with the carving knife;
Did you ever see such a sight in your life as the
three blind mice?

AS I WAS GOING ALONG

As I was going along, long, long,
A singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was as long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

THE TOAD AND THE FROG

"Croak!" said a toad, "I'm hungry, I think.
Today I've had nothing to eat or to drink.
I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."

"Ho, ho!" quoth a frog, "is that what you mean?
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream.
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too.
I believe I shall have as good a dinner as you."

CROSS-PATCH

Cross-patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

DAME, GET UP

Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies,
Dame, get up and bake your pies
On Christmas Day in the morning.

THE DUCKS THAT ATE POLLY-WIGS

Dame, what makes your ducks to die?
What is it ails them? What is it ails them?
They kick up their heels and there they lie,
What is it ails them, now?
Eating o' polly-wigs, eating o' polly-wigs;
That is what ails them now.

A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL

A little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley.
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh, shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What will you do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

MY FIRST TROUT

As soon as I could bait my hook,
I dropped the line into the brook,
A trout soon saw and quickly caught it;
I pulled, and pulled, and out I brought it;
My first brook trout!
I then was small,
But felt that instant six feet tall.

JACK THE PIPER

As I was going up the hill,
  I met with Jack the piper,
And the only tune that he could play,
  Was, "Tie up your apron-strings tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
  I tied them three times over;
And the only song that he could sing
  Was, "Carry me safe to Dover."

BLOW, WIND, BLOW!

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn,
That the baker may take it
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

FEARS AND TEARS

Tommy's tears and Mary's fears
Will make them old before their years.

BARBER

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
Four and twenty, that's enough.
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

A JIG

Come, dance a jig
To my granny's pig,
With a randy, rowdy, dowdy;
Come dance a jig
To my granny's pig,
And sing randy, rowdy, dowdy.

BED-TIME

Little folks, little folks,
Now then for bed!
A pillow is waiting
For each little head.

Sleep all the night,
And wake in the morn,
When father will rouse you
By blowing a horn.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE QUEEN

Little girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give the queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

MY SON JOHN

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his trousers on;
One stocking off, the other stocking on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

THE RUNAWAY CAT

Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum-tree.
I'll give you a crown
If you'll fetch her down,
Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

HOT-CROSS BUNS

Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons.

THE LOST SHOE

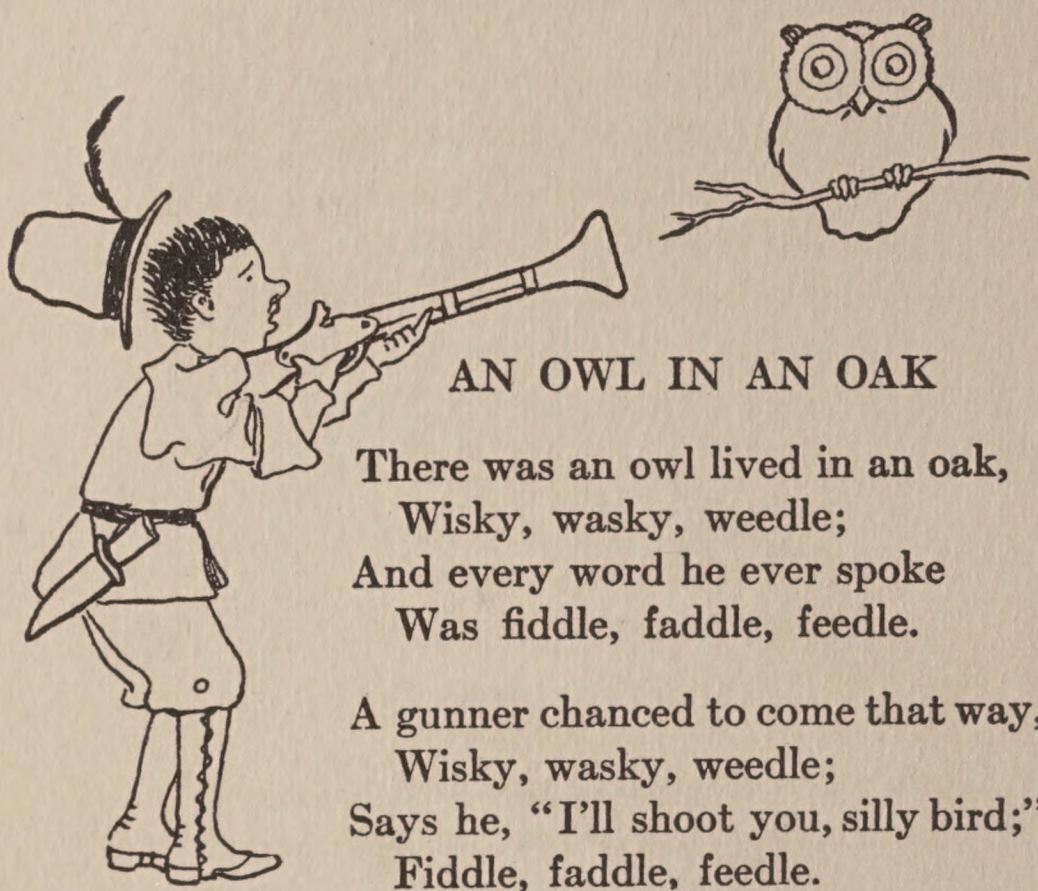
Doodle, doodle, doo,
The princess lost her shoe,
  Her Highness hopped,
  The fiddler stopped
Not knowing what to do.

MY APPLES

Down in a meadow
There stood a green tree
Loaded with apples
That were growing for me;
And when they were ripe and just ready to fall,
There came an old woman and picked them all.

DANCE, LITTLE BABY

Dance, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by.
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go,
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backward and forward, round and round.
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With a merry toss, and a ding, ding, ding!



AN OWL IN AN OAK

There was an owl lived in an oak,
  Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
  Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
  Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird;"
  Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

RATS AND MICE

Go tell Mr. Jatts
  We are troubled with rats,
He must drive them out of the house.
  We have mice, too, a-plenty
  That feast in the pantry;
  But let them stay
  And nibble away.
What harm is a little brown mouse?

BILLY PRINGLE'S PIG

Have you ever heard of Billy Pringle's pig?
It was very little, and not very big.
When it was alive it lived in clover,
But now it's dead, and that's all over.
Billy Pringle he sat down and sighed,
Betsy Pringle she lay down and cried;
So there's the story of all the three,
Billy Pringle he, Betsy Pringle she, and the poor little
piggy wigee.

HECTOR PROTECTOR

Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the queen.
The queen did not like him, no more did the king;
And they said that by him ne'er again they'd be seen.

PUMPKIN PIE

Heetum peetum penny pie,
Populorum gigum gie,
North, south, east, west,
Pumpkin pie I like the best.

A PLUM PUDDING

Flour of England, fruit of Spain
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string:
If you'll tell me this riddle I'll give you a ring.

WINDY WINTER

Cold and raw the north winds blow
Bleak in the morning early.
All the hills are covered with snow
And winter's now come fairly.

KING BOGGAN'S HALL

Little King Boggan, he built a fine hall;
Pie-crust and pastry-crust—that was the wall.
The windows were made of red currants and white,
'Twas slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

DING, DONG

Ding, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail
And can't wag it till tomorrow.

A WARNING

Gray mouse, gray mouse,
Hide in your little house;
If on my bread you sup
The cat will eat you up.

HANDY SPANDY

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

HANNAH BANTRY

Hannah Bantry in the pantry,
  Eating a mutton-bone;
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it
  When she found she was alone!

FOR EVERY EVIL

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

MARY'S GARDEN

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells and silver bells
And pretty maids all in a row.

A WEEK'S OCCUPATION

Here we go round the bramble-bush,
The bramble bush, the bramble-bush;
Here we go round the bramble-bush
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes;
This is the way we wash our clothes
All of a Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes;
This is the way we iron our clothes
All of a Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub our floor,
Scrub our floor, scrub our floor;
This is the way we scrub our floor
All of a Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes,
Mend our clothes, mend our clothes;
This is the way we mend our clothes
All of a Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,
Sweep the house, sweep the house,
This is the way we sweep the house,
All of a Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,
  Bake our bread, bake our bread;
This is the way we bake our bread
  All of a Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
  Go to church, go to church;
This is the way we go to church
  All of a Sunday morning.

HERE WE GO

Here we go up, up, up,
  And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backward and forward,
  And here we go round, round, roundy.

THE DOGS AND THE BEGGARS

Hark, hark!
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
  Some in jags,
  Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

A LUNCH FOR DOLLY

Hush, my pretty dolly, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by and by;
Or perhaps you'd like a custard or maybe a tart—
To either you are welcome with all my heart.

DOCTOR FELL

I do not like you, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like you, Doctor Fell.

IF ALL THE SEAS WERE ONE SEA

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one ax,
What a *great* ax that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* ax,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish-splash there would be.

THE DOG, THE COCK, AND THE FOX

A dog and a cock a journey once took;
They travelled along till 'twas late;
The dog he lay down in a hollow tree,
And the cock on the boughs of it sate.

The cock, nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a-crowing,
When along came a fox to the tree.
Says the fox, "I declare
Your voice is more sweet
Than any creature's I ever did see.

"Oh, would you come down,
You shall have a gold crown."
Said the cock, "There's a porter below,
If you will go in,
I'll agree to come down."
The fox went, very much to his woe.

ELSIE MARLEY

Elsie Marley is grown so fine
She won't get up to feed the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine;
Ah, surely she does take her time!

NONSENSE

Fal de ral daddle,
A pig on a saddle,
The cat jumped over the house,
The dog with a fiddle
Cried, "Hey, diddle, diddle;"
And the trap ran off with the mouse.

GOOD ADVICE

Come when you're called
Do what you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
Never be chid.

GOOD FOR THE HICCUP

Hickup, snickup,
Rise up, right up,
Three drops in the cup
Are good for the hiccup.

CURRANTS

Higgledy piggledy,
Here we lie,
Picked and plucked
And put in a pie.
My first is snapping, snarling, growling,
My second's industrious, romping, and prowling.
Higgledy, piggledy,
Here we lie,
Picked and plucked
And put in a pie.

TWO PUPPY DOGS

High, ding, straps of leather,
Two little puppy dogs tied together;
One by the head, and one by the tail,
And over the water these puppy dogs sail.

MY LITTLE NUT TREE

I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipped o'er the water, I danced o'er the sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

DAPPLE-GRAY

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

A FINGER PLAY

"Let us go to the wood," said this pig;
"What to do there?" says that pig.
"To look for my mother," says this pig.
"What to do with her?" says that pig.
"To give her a kiss," says this pig.

THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

POOR PUSSY CAT

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Glynn.
Who pulled her out?
Great Jack Sprout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor Pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

SUNSHINE

Hickamore, Hackamore,
On the king's kitchen door;
All the king's horses
And all the king's men
Couldn't drive Hickamore, Hackamore,
Off the king's kitchen door.

TIME TO GET UP

Awake, arise, and with your eyes
Find out the time of day,
When you have done, waggle your tongue,
And see what you can say.

Poor Pussy-cat

TO BABYLON

How many miles is it to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.

AN EGG

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Threescore men and threescore more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

GRANDMOTHER

Hunks of cold pudding
And chunks of cold pie
My grandmother gives me
So that I won't cry.

WAITING

Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still in your cradle,
Mother has gone to buy a soup ladle.
When she comes back she'll cook a piece of meat
And father and baby shall have some to eat.

A COW AND A CALF

I had a little cow,
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and it had a little calf;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song half.

I had a little cow
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
And the cow had a calf, and I drove them to the stall,
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song all!

THE CLEVER HEN

I had a little hen, the cleverest ever seen;
She washed me the dishes and kept the house clean.
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
And brought it home in less than an hour.
She baked me my bread, she cooked me my kail,
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.

HUSH-A-BYE

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

THE FROG WHO WENT A-WOOING

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Good day, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

They came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And gave a loud knock and gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"My good Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley.
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Dear Madam we have come to call on you,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Perhaps we will stop for an hour or two."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Heigho, says Rowley,
But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the frog,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Since you've caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"I'll sing you a song that *I* know instead."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

But while they were all a-merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

The cat seized the rat before he could think,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens caught the mouse as quick as a wink.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat and he wished them "Good night."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

But as Froggy was hurrying past the town,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him down.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So there was an end of one, two and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse and the little frog-ee.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

A FACE PLAY

Here sits the Lord Mayor—*forehead*
Here sit his two men—*eyes*
Here sits the cock—*right cheek*
Here sits the hen—*left cheek*
Here sit the little chickens—*tip of nose*
Here they run in—*mouth*
Chinchopper, chinchopper,
Chinchopper, chin!—*chuck the chin.*

THE BOY AND THE OWL

A little boy went into a field
And lay down on some hay,
An owl came out and flew about
And the little boy ran away.

HOW DO YOU DO?

How do you do, neighbor?
Neighbor, how do you do?
I am pretty well,
And how does Cousin Sue do?
She is pretty well
And sends her love to you;
So does bonnie Nell.
Good lack! how does she do?

FIRE!

"Fire! fire!" said Mrs. McGuire.
"Where? where?'' said Mrs. Blair.
"Down town," said Mrs. Brown.
"I'll go and see't," said Mrs. Fleet.
"So will I," said Mrs. Fry.

THE FISH AND GEORGY

Fishy, fishy, in the brook,
Papa catch him with a hook,
Mama fry him in the pan,
Georgy eat him fast as he can.

PLAY DAYS

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

BABY BUNTING

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

MY SERVANT

I had a little servant, his name was Willy Bell,
I gave him some work, but he did not do it well,
I sent him upstairs to pick up a pin
And he tumbled down and bumped his chin.

I sent him to the garden to pick me some sage;
The gate pinched his thumb and caused him to rage.
I sent him to the orchard to pick me a pear,
And he was gone an hour and could find none there.

JACK SPRAT'S PIG

Jack Sprat had a pig;
It was not very little
Nor yet very big.
It was not very lean,
It was not very fat.
"It'll do for a grunt,"
Says Master Jack Sprat.

A FACE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR

I've seen you where you never was,
And where you ne'er will be,
And yet you in that selfsame place
May still be seen by me.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back,
And when the ship began to move
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

WHAT WOULD WE DO?

If all the world was apple pie,
And all the water ink,
What would we do for bread and cheese?
And what would we do for drink?

A CHERRY

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat:
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

MY LOVE

I love my love with an A because he's Agreeable,
He treats me with Apples,
His name is Andrew
And he lives at Arlington.

A TURNSTILE

I'm in everyone's way,
But no one I stop;
My four horns every day
In every way play,
And my head is nailed on at the top.

BABY WANTS TO PLAY

Hop away, skip away, my baby wants to play.
My baby wants to play every day.

JENNY

Jenny shall have a new bonnet,
And Jenny shall go to the fair,
And Jenny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up her bonny brown hair.
And why may not I love Jenny?
  And why may not Jenny love me?
And why may not I love Jenny
  As well as another body?

JERRY HALL

Jerry Hall, he is so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all.

LADYBUG

Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone—
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

JACKY AND HIS FIDDLE

Jacky, come give me your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive.
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle
They'd think that I'd gone mad;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.

THE CRAVAT

Jeanie come tie my—
Jeanie come tie my—
Jeanie come tie my bonnie cravat.
I've tied it behind—
I've tied it before—
And I've tied it so often I'll tie it no more.

POLLY FLINDERS

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And scolded her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships go sailing by,
  Go sailing by, go sailing by—
I saw three ships go sailing by,
  New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then?
  Was in them then, was in them then—
And what do you think was in them then,
  New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
  Were in them then, were in them then—
Three pretty girls were in them then,
  New Year's Day in the morning.

One could whistle, and another could sing,
  And the other could play on the violin—
Such joy was there at my wedding,
  New Year's Day in the morning.

CHILLY WEATHER

It snows and it blows, and the frost bites my nose,
  Little girl, let me in, I pray.
I'll sit by the fire and warm my toes,
  And then I will go away.

AN INVITATION

Bat, bat,
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

TIM PRATT AND HIS RAT

Little Tim Pratt
Had a pet rat
In a tin cage with a wheel.
Said little Tim Pratt
Each day to his rat,
"If hungry, my dear, you must squeal."

WHEN

Lavender blue and rosemary green,
When I am king you shall be queen.
Call up the maids at four of the clock,
Some to go out and care for the stock,
Some to make hay and some to thresh corn,
While you and I will dance on the lawn.

"LET'S GO TO BED"

"Let's go to bed,"
Says Sleepy-head.
"Tarry awhile," says Slow.
"Put on the pot,"
Says Greedy-sot,
"Let's sup before we go."

LOGIC

I would if I could.
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you, without you could, could you?
Could you, could you?
Could you, without you could, could you?

THE TAILORS AND THE SNAIL

Four and twenty tailors went to hunt a snail;
The best man among them durst not touch its tail.
It put out its horns like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or it'll kill you all right now.

GEORGY PORGY

Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play
Georgy Porgy ran away.

GOOD NIGHT

Good night!
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light
To do what's right
With all your might.

A PIG WITHOUT A WIG

As I was going to Bonner
I met a pig without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

COMICAL FOLK

In a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife,
Who, believe me, were comical folk;
For to people's surprise
They saw with their eyes,
And their tongues moved whenever they spoke.

When quite fast asleep
I've been told that to keep
Their eyes open they scarce could contrive.
They walked on their feet
And 'twas thought what they did eat
Helped, with drinking, to keep them alive!

DAN

Dan, Dan, the one-legged man,
Lost his hat in the caravan.
A little boy found it and ran all round it
And gave it to Dan the one-legged man.

GOING TO FRANCE

Darby, darby, jig, jig, jig,
I've just put on a big, big wig!
I'm going to France to learn to dance,
Darby, darby, jig, jig, jig!

MONEY

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!"

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell,
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!"

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so do the dirty swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

THE HOBBY-HORSE

I had a little hobby-horse,
It was a dapple-gray;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat,
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

BABY'S FACE

Brow brinky,
Eye winky,
Cheek cherry,
Mouth merry,
Nose smeller,
Chin chopper.

BUTTONS

Buttons, a penny a pair,
Come, who will buy them of me?
They're round and sound and pretty
And fit for the girls of the city.
Come, who will buy them of me?
Buttons, a penny a pair.

HUNGRY

Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
Give me a pancake
And I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditter,
Please to give me
A bit of a fritter.

THE FLYING PIG

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down
Dickery, dickery, dare.

THE BOY WHO COULD NOT SPELL "PIE"

Little Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he could not spell "pie."
When his big sister Grace
Saw his sorrowful face,
She could not help saying, "Oh, fie!"

JACK JINGLE

Little Jack Jingle,
Used to live single;
But when he got tired of this kind of life
He left off being single and married a wife.

AN EXCITING TIME

Miss Jane had a little bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag and he was out in a minute.
The cat saw him jump and run under the table,
And the dog said, "Catch him Puss, as soon as you're able."

COFFEE AND TEA

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loves coffee and I love tea,
And that is the reason we couldn't agree.

MOSS AND HIS MARE

Moss was a little man, and a little mare did buy;
For kicking and sprawling none her could come nigh.
She could trot, she could amble, and could canter here and there;
But one night she strayed away, so Moss lost his mare.

Early the next morning, when Moss thought she'd be asleep,
He round about the frosty fields very nimbly did creep.
Beside a hedge he found her, and was glad to see her there.
He put a halter round her neck and then led home his mare.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

TOM TINKER'S DOG

Bow, wow, wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow!

MARY'S CANARY

Mary had a pretty bird
With feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sang,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she loved to sit
To hear her own canary.

THE MERRY BELLS

Merry are the bells, and merry they do ring;
Merry too am I, and merrily I sing.
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be.

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again.
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be.

A SPILL

Milkman, milkman, where have you been?
In Buttermilk Channel up to my chin.
I spilt my milk and spoiled my clothes,
And got a long icicle hung to my nose.

READY FOR DINNER

Hey ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty, my stomach's empty,
Please mama give me some dinner.

IN HER SUNDAY CLOTHES

Here she comes! Here she comes!
Only look at her, only look at her.
There she goes! There she goes!
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes.

MY LADY WIND

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in.
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

CHOP-A-NOSE DAY

My mother and your mother
Went over the way.
Said my mother to your mother,
"It's chop-a-nose day."

MY WIFE MARY

My wife Mary, she minds the dairy,
While I go hoeing and mowing each morn;
And she runs the reel and the little spinning-wheel,
Whilst I am singing and cutting my corn.

TROUBLE

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

A IS AN ANGLER

A is an angler,
  Who went out in a fog,
He fished all day
  And caught only a frog.

B is cook Betty,
  She's baking a pie
With ten or twelve apples
  All piled up on high.

C is a custard
  In a glass dish
With as much cinnamon
  As you could wish.

D is fat Dick
  Who does nothing but eat,
He would leave book and play
  For a nice bit of meat.

E is an egg
  In a basket with more
Which Peggy will sell
  For a shilling a score.

F is a fox,
  So cunning and sly,
Who looks at the hen-roost—
  I need not say why.

G is a greyhound,
So swift that you'll find
He always in a race
Leaves the other dogs behind.

H is a heron
Who lives near a pond,
Of gobbling the fishes
He is wondrously fond.

I is the ice
On which Tom likes to skate,
So up go his heels
And down goes his pate.

J is for Jenkins
Who plays on the fiddle
He begins twenty times,
But leaves off in the middle.

K is a kitten
Who jumps at a cork,
And learns to eat mice
Without plate, knife or fork.

L is a lark
Who sings us a song,
And wakes us betimes
Lest we sleep too long.

M is Miss Molly
Who loves dainty clothes,
Every day she dresses up,
And then to walk she goes.

N is a nosegay
Sprinkled with dew,
Picked in the morning
And presented to you.

O is an owl
Who looks very wise.
He's watching a mouse
With his large round eyes.

P is a parrot
With feathers like gold,
Who talks just as much
And no more than he's told.

Q is the queen
Who governs the land
And sits on a throne
Very lofty and grand.

R is a raven
Perched on an oak,
Who with a gruff voice
Cries, "Croak, croak, croak!"

S is a stork
With a very long bill
Who swallows down fishes
And frogs to his fill.

T is a trumpeter
Blowing his horn,
Who tells us the news
As we rise in the morn.

U is a unicorn,
Who, as it is said,
Has a long sharp horn
On the front of his head.

V is for vulture
Who eats a great deal,
Devouring a dog
Or a cat at a meal.

W is a watchman
Who guards the street
And sees all is safe
And snug on his beat.

X is King Xerxes
Who, if you don't know,
Reigned over Persia
A great while ago.

Y is the year
That is passing away,
And gets a bit shorter
Every day.

Z is a zebra,
Whom you've heard of before;
So here end my rhymes
Till I find you some more.

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

If wishes were horses,
Beggars could ride,
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

MISS MUFFET AND THE SPIDER

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey.
There came a big spider,
Which sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

A PAIN CURE

Little Tommy Grace
Had a pain in his face
So bad that he could not learn a letter,
When in came Dicky Long
Singing such a funny song
That Tommy laughed and found his face much better.

TOMMY TITTLEMOUSE

Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house.
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

Miss Muffet and the spider

PIPPIN HILL

As I was going up Pippin Hill,
  Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty miss,
  And she dropped me a curtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss,
  Blessings light upon you.
If I had half-a-crown a day,
  I'd spend it all upon you.

LITTLE PUSSY

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail, or drive her away;
But pussy and I very gently will play.

I'LL SING YOU A SONG

  I'll sing you a song,
  Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any.
  Put your hand in your purse,
  You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.

NELL PARRET AND THE MOUSE

Little Nell Parret
Sat in her garret
Eating toast and tea.
A little brown mouse
Crept into the house
And carried the toast away.

THE LOST POCKET

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
But not a penny was there in it,
And the ribbon was gone from round it.

MARGARET AND THE MILLER

Margaret wrote a letter
Sealed it with her finger,
Threw it in the pond
For the dusty miller.
If she had her pockets
Full of gold and silver
She would give it all
To her dusty miller.
Oh, the little, little,
Rusty, dusty miller.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE!

Hey diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

The above with a Quaker's comments:

Hey, diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,

"Oh, no! Mary, thee mustn't say that, for that is a falsehood. Thee knows a cow could never jump

over the moon; but a cow could jump under it. So thee ought to say, 'The cow jumped *under* the moon.' Go on."

The little dog laughed

"Stop, Mary. How can a little dog laugh? Thee knows a little dog can't laugh. Thee ought to say, 'The little dog barked.' "

To see the sport
And the dish ran after the spoon.

"Ah, Mary, a dish could not run after a spoon. Thee had better say, 'And the cat ran after the spoon.' " So—

Hey, diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped *under* the moon,
The little dog *barked*
To see the sport,
And the *cat* ran after the spoon.

A STORY

I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory;
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About his brother;
And now my story is done.

OH DEAR!

Oh dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women up in an appletree;
One came down,
And the other stayed till Saturday.

THE LITTLE LAMB

Oh deary me, oh la!
I heard a little lamb cry, "Baa!"
Says I, "So you have lost ma-ma,
Ah!"
The little lamb, as I said so,
Frisking about the fields did go;
And, frisking, trod upon my toe,
Oh!

THE WHITE MOUSE

Oh, what a sweet little white mouse!
Oh, what a dear little bright mouse!
With its eyes of pink,
Going winky, wink,
Oh, what a sweet little white mouse!

BILLY BOY

Oh! where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh! where have you been charming Billy?
I have been to seek a wife;
She's the joy of my life;
But she's a young thing, and cannot leave her ma.

Can she sweep up the house, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she sweep up the house, charming Billy?
Yes, she can sweep up the house,
Quick as a cat can catch a mouse;
But she's a young thing and cannot leave her ma.

Can she make a pumpkin pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she make a pumpkin pie, charming Billy?
Yes, she can make a pumpkin pie
Quick as a cat can wink its eye;
But she's a young thing and cannot leave her ma.

Can she card and can she spin, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she card and can she spin, charming Billy?
Yes, she can card and she can spin,
She can do everything;
But she's too young to be taken from her ma.

How old may she be, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
How old may she be, charming Billy?
Twice six, twice seven,
Twice twenty and eleven;
Yet she's too young to be taken from her ma.

MY KITTEN

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as you
Was neither far nor neary.

MY LEGACY

My father died and left me a plough,
And besides with six horses he did me endow:
With a whing whang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsy boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my six horses, and bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know how.
With a whing whang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsy boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my cow and bought me a calf;
By that, my bargain, I lost more than half:
With a whing whang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsy boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my calf and bought me a cat,
A pretty thing that purred and by the fireside sat
With a whing whang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsy boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my cat and bought me a mouse,
Which carried fire with its tail and burnt down my
house.
With a whing whang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsy boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers,
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

THE OWL

Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me;
For all the day long he sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies he.

A MORNING WALK

One morn I went out early the world to admire,
And I picked the ripe berries growing on the green brier.
As I slowly walked along I chanced to see
A cow and a pretty maiden under a tree.

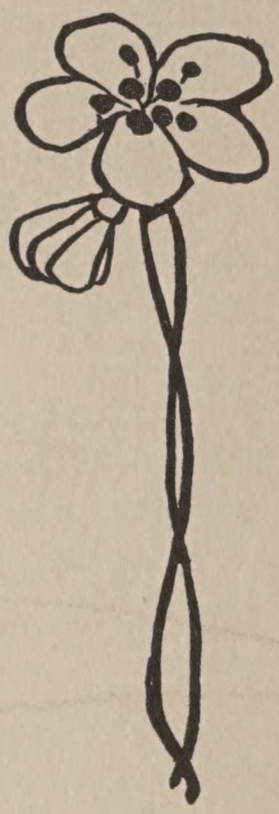
I went up to the damsel and to her said I,
"A pennyworth of milk, if you please—I am dry."
"You'd be welcome," she said, "and should have it without fail;
But my cow has just this minute kicked over the pail."

ONE OLD OXFORD OX

One old Oxford ox opening oysters;
Two teetotums totally tired of trying to trot to Tadbury;
Three tall tigers tippling tea;
Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for frogs;
Six sportsmen shooting snipes;
Seven salted salmons swallowing shrimps;
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe;
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling noodles;
Ten tinkers tinkling on ten tinder-boxes with ten ten-penny tacks.

SPRING WEATHER

April showers
Make May flowers.



THE LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Go hop, hop, hop,
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I was opening the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But it shook its little tail,
And far away it flew.

THE OLD MAN CLOTHED IN LEATHER

One misty moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment
And I began to grin—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

A NEEDLE AND THREAD

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

THE CASE ALTERED

Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, sir—I am rather thick of hearing.
Old woman, old woman, I love you very dearly.
Thank you, kind sir, I hear you now quite clearly.

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY

O madam, I will give you the keys of Canterbury,
To set all the bells ringing when we shall be merry,
If you will but walk abroad with me,
If you will but talk with me.

Sir, I'll not accept the keys of Canterbury,
To set all the bells ringing when we shall be merry;
Neither will I walk abroad with thee,
Neither will I talk with thee!

O madam, I will give you a fine carved comb,
To comb out your ringlets when I am from home,
If you will but walk with me,
If you will but talk with me.

Sir, I'll not accept a fine carved comb,
To comb out my ringlets when you are from home;
Neither will I walk abroad with thee,
Neither will I talk with thee!

O madam, I will give you a pair of shoes of cork,
One made in London, the other made in York,
If you will but walk with me,
If you will but talk with me.

Sir, I'll not accept of a pair of shoes of cork,
One made in London, the other made in York,
Neither will I walk abroad with thee,
Neither will I talk with thee!

O madam, I will give you the keys of my chest,
To count my gold and silver when I am gone to rest,
If you will but walk abroad with me,
If you will but talk with me.

O sir, I will accept the keys of your chest,
To count your gold and silver when you are gone to rest,
And I will walk abroad with thee,
And I will talk with thee!

AN ICICLE

Lives in winter,
Dies in summer,
And grows with its root upward.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE

One's none,
Two's some,
Three's a many,
Four's a penny,
Five's a little hundred.

THE BUMBLE BEE AND THE ROOSTER

One, two, three,
The bumble bee,
The rooster crows,
And away he goes.

ONE TO TWELVE

One, two,
Tie my shoe.
Three, four,
Shut the door.
Five, six,
Pick up sticks.
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight.
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen.
Eleven, twelve,
Men must delve.

DESIRE

O that I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am there I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

MY BLACK HEN

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Hickety, pickety, my black hen.

THE BIRD IN THE WOODS

Out in the woods there is a bird—
Its song is the sweetest I've ever heard.
I saw it in the dogwood dell;
But what is its name I cannot tell.

OVER THE WATER

Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
I'll have none of your pork and beef,
And I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your very best flour,
To make a white cake for my Charley.

GUNPOWDER TREASON

Please to remember
The fifth of November,
  Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
  Should ever be forgot.

THE PUMPKIN-EATER'S WIFE

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
  Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
  And there he kept her very well.

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.

PIPPY

Pippy is a pretty girl,
  Pippy's very spry,
Pippy shall have a nice plum bun,
  If Pippy doesn't cry.

LITTLE ROBIN

Pit, pat, well-a-day!
Little Robin flew away.
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the cherry tree.

A NAIL IN THE BOTTOM OF A SHIP

Over the water,
And under the water,
And always with its head down.

PEASE PUDDING

Pease pudding hot,
Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot
Nine days old.
Some like it hot
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

THE COCK AND THE HEN

The Cock Lock the dairy door,
Lock the dairy door!
The Hen Chickle, chackle, chee,
I haven't any key!

TONGS

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

THE MOUSE AND THE CLOCK

dock,
dickory,
Hickory,
clock.
the
up
ran
mouse
The

When the clock strikes one,

Then
down
he'll
run;
Hickory,
dickory,
dock.

SPRITE AND THE CAT

Poor dog Sprite
Ran off with all his might
Because the cat was after him,
Poor dog Sprite.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S COAT

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

PUSS AND THE DUMPLINGS

Pussy-cat ate the dumplings, the dumplings,
Pussy-cat ate the dumplings.
Mama stood by
And cried, "Oh fie!
Why did you eat the dumplings?"

THE CAT AND THE DOG

Pussy-cat lay on the floor
In the kitchen by the door.
Along there comes a little dog,
And says: "Oh Pussy, are you there?
How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how do you do?"
"I thank you kindly, little dog,
I'm well, and how are you?"

THE BURNT PETTICOAT

Pussy-cat Mole
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor pussy's weeping—she'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

PUSSY-CAT AND THE QUEEN

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you do there?
I frightened a little mouse under a chair.

AT THE BLACKSMITH'S

Robert Barnes, fellow fine,
  Can you shoe this horse of mine?
Yes, good sir, that I can
As well as any other man.
There's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

A POOR SHOT

Robin-a-Bobbin
  Bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
  And killed a crow.

ROBIN AND RICHARD

Robin and Richard were two little men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten.
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
And says: "Brother Richard, the sun's very high.
  Are not you ashamed on such a fine day
To lie so late when we ought to make hay?
Now you hurry on with the bottle and bag,
And I will come after with Jolly Jack Nag."

THE MANIKIN

I had a little manikin
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I gave him some garters
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief
To wipe his pretty nose.

I bought a little horse for him
That galloped up and down:
I saddled it for my manikin
And sent him out of town.

HAIR

Riddle me, riddle me, what is that
Over the head and under the hat?

BANBURY CROSS

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To see a fine lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.

A RIDE TO SEE GRANDMOTHER

Ride, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to one side
And a little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

RING AROUND THE ROSIE

Ring around the rosie,
A pocketful of posie,
All the girls in our town
Sing for little Josie.

A HEARTY EATER

Robin the Bobbin, the big bouncing Ben,
He ate more meat than four-score men;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half,
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people!
A cow and a calf,
A butcher and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complained that his stomach wasn't full.

READY FOR SUPPER

Rompty iddity, row, row, row,
If I had a good supper, I could eat it now.

ROWSTY DOWT

Rowsty dowt, my fire's all out,
My little dame is away;
I'll saddle my cock, and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again.

SELL MY FATHER'S FEATHER-BED

Sell my father's feather-bed,
Mother, mother.
Where will your father lie,
My little daughter?

Put him in the boys' bed,
Mother, mother.
Where will the boys lie,
My little daughter?

Put them in the pigs' sty,
Mother, mother.
Put them in the pigs' sty,
Mother, mother.

SHOEING THE HORSE

Shoe the old horse, and shoe the old mare,
Drive a nail here, and drive a nail there,
But let the little colt run, bare, bare, bare.

THE PROUD HAWK

Riddle me, riddle me, ree,
A hawk sat up on a tree,
And he says to himself, says he,
"Oh dear! what a fine bird I be!"

Baa, baa, black sheep

TWO PIGEONS

I had two pigeons bright and gay;
They flew from me the other day.
What was the reason they did go,
I cannot tell, for I do not know.

SEE–SAW

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Little Jacky shall have a new master;
Little Jacky shall have but a penny a day
Because he won't work any faster.

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman
  Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
  "Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Indeed and I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
  For to catch a whale.
But all the water that he had
  Was in his mother's pail.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
  But the wild duck flew away.
Says Simon, "I can't hit him,
  Because he will not stay."

He went to catch a dicky-bird,
  And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a little salt
  To put upon its tail.

He went to slide upon the ice,
  Before the ice would bear,
And so plunged in above his knees,
  Which made poor Simon stare.

He went to try if cherries ripe
  Grew upon a thistle.
He pricked his fingers very much,
  Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went for water in a sieve,
  But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
  Bids you all adieu.

THE BLACKBIRD PIE

Sing a song of sixpence,
  A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
  Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
  The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
  To set before the king?

THE PUDDING-BAG STRING

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat is eating the pudding-bag string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

UP TO THE MOON

Sing song! merry go round,
Here we go up to the moon, oh!
Little Johnny a penny has found
And so we'll sing a tune, oh!
"What shall I buy?"
Johnny did cry,
"With the penny I've found
So bright and round?"

What shall you buy?
A kite that will fly
Up to the moon all through the sky!
But if, when it gets there,
It should stay in the air,
Or the man in the moon
Should step forth soon
And grab it and off with it go,
We should sing to another tune, oh!

THREE MEN IN A TUB

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they are?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
Rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub!

I WON'T BE MY FATHER'S JACK

I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Jill;
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.

RAIN

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Arthur wants to play
In the meadow on the hay.

JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They cleaned the platter clean.

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Taken ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday;
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

A TONGUE-TWISTER

Swan swam over the sea—
Swim, swan, swim;
Swan swam back again,
Well swam swan.

Jack Sprat and his wife

TAFFY THE WELSHMAN

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was in grief,
Taffy came to my house and begged a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home,
Taffy came to my house and begged a marrow bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy had gone out,
Taffy came to my house and begged some sauerkraut.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I rapped on the door and left a loaf of bread.

COCK-CROW

The cock doth crow
To let you know
If you be wise
'Tis time to rise.

A BUSY DAY

The cock's on the housetop blowing his horn,
The men are in the barn threshing the corn,
The maids are in the meadow making the hay,
The ducks are in the river swimming away.

THE LAZY CAT

Pussy, where have you been today?
In the meadow asleep on the hay.
Pussy, you are a lazy cat,
If you have done no more than that.

AN UPROAR IN THE KITCHEN

The dog came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped on the table
To see the pot and the ladle.
The broom behind the door
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
"Oh! oh!" says the gridiron, "can't you agree?
I'm head constable—come along with me."

THE FOX AND THE STORK

The fox and the stork sat down for to chat,
The fox sat on this side, the stork sat on that.
At last, says the fox, "The day is far spent."
So he kicked up his heels and away he went.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come home
And bring their tails behind them.

A GREETING

Quaker, Quaker, how is thee?
Very well, I thank thee.
How's thy neighbor next to thee?
I don't know but I'll go see.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plumcake
And sent them out of town.

A NOISY TIME

The maid is milking, and the cock is crowing,
And all the children in the house are crying.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norridge.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

A HOP, SKIP, AND A JUMP

The miller, he grinds his corn, his corn,
The little boy blue comes winding his horn,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The carter he whistles aside his team,
And Dolly comes bringing some nice clotted cream,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The damsels are churning for curds and whey,
The lads in the fields are making the hay,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

WASHING DAY

The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty clothes to scrub, scrub, scrub;
And when they are clean and fit to be seen
I'll dress like a lady and dance on the green.

THE PETTITOES

The pettitoes are little feet,
And the little feet not big;
Great feet belong to the grunting hog,
And the pettitoes to the little pig.

CROOKED

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

THE JOLLY MILLER

There was a jolly miller
  Lived by the River Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
  No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
  For ever used to be—
"I jump mejerrime jee!
  I care for nobody—no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

TOOTY-TOOT

There was a little man
  And he had a little flute,
And every pleasant night
  He was sure to tooty-toot.

JACK-A-DANDY AND BILLY COOK

Little Jack-a-Dandy
Wanted sugar-candy,
And fairly for it cried;
But little Billy Cook,
Who always reads his book,
Shall have a horse to ride.

RABBIT PIE

Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit pie!
Come, my ladies, come and buy,
Else your babies they will cry.

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE LITTLE MAID

There was a little man,
And he had a little mind
For to ask a little maid to wed, wed, wed.
So he hovered near her door,
As he oft had done before,
All dressed in his coat of red, red, red.

When the little maid came out
He turned himself about,
And begged she would look at him, him, him,
With his little heart so bold
In his scarlet coat, and gold,
And all his other clothes in trim, trim, trim.

The little maid seemed pleased,
And in haste her hand he seized,
And he said: "Little maid, will you wed, wed. wed?
I have little more to say;
So will you, yea or nay?
For least said is soonest men-ded-ded."

The little maid looked mild,
And I think I've heard she smiled,
And she told him to come next day, day, day.
This delay near broke his heart
So great he felt the smart;
And he went gloomily away-way-way.

He slowly walked along
Fearing all had gone wrong,
And while he lay that night on his bed, bed, bed,
He thought what he should say
To the little maid next day
Till he had a dull ache in his head, head, head.

When the dawn began to peep,
He awoke from his sleep,
And started for the home of his dove, dove, dove,
Saying, "I'm all on fire,
And afraid I shall expire,
If I do not see my love, love, love."

The maiden welcomed him
Looking very sweet and prim,
And said: "We'll talk this matter o'er, o'er, o'er.
If I consent to be your bride
Pray, how will you provide
The things I shall want by the score, score, score?"

Then the little man he sat
A-twirling of his hat
And said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, do, do.
Please do not be afraid,
For all that I have made
Shall be yours with a heart that is true, true, true."

He paused, and he sighed,
And some say a little cried,
For his little heart was big with sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.
Said he: "I am your slave,
I will be very brave,
If I have not enough, we will borrow, borrow, borrow."

The little maid him eyed
Until he could have died,
So searching and so piercing was her look, look, look.
Then her smile his sorrow cures,
And quick she says, "I'm yours;
Go bid the parson bring his book, book, book."

No time the man did waste,
The parson came in haste,
And with them to the church he went, went, went.
His duty soon was done
And he had made them one,
And happy to their home them sent, sent, sent.

In their cottage they did dwell,
And everything went well,
With plenty crowning all their labors, labors, labors.
Then they had a little boy
And the little man with joy
Would show him all around to his neighbors, neighbors, neighbors.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow, the cows are in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He lies by a haycock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do he'll be sure to cry.

A SURPRISING OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.

NOTHING–AT–ALL

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

THE OLD WOMAN UNDER A HILL

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

THE FASHION

Says Aaron to Moses,
"Let's cut off our noses."
Says Moses to Aaron,
"It's the fashion to wear 'em."

AFRAID

Says Paul to Peter,
"Let's go and teeter."
Says Peter to Paul,
"I'm afraid I will fall."

THE CHILDREN'S BEDTIME

The Man in the Moon looked out of the moon,
Looked out of the moon and said,
" 'Tis time for all children on the earth
To think about getting to bed!"

ROBIN AND PUSSY

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he.
Down came pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast lit upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and got a sudden fall.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did pussy say?
Pussy-cat said, "Mew," and Robin flew away.

A CHANGE OF WORK

There was an old man who lived in a wood,
And it was told to me,
He said he could do as much work in a day,
As his wife could do in three.

"We'll see about that," the woman said,
"And this plan you must allow;
Tomorrow stay at home in my stead
And I will go and plough;

"But you must milk the Tiny cow
For fear she should go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

"And you must watch the speckled hen
Lest she should lay astray;
And don't forget the spool of yarn
That I spin every day.

The old wife took a staff in her hand
And went to follow the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand
And went to milk the cow;

But Tiny hinched and Tiny flinched
And Tiny tossed her nose,
And Tiny gave him a kick on the shins
That made blood run down to his toes.

"High! Tiny! ho!" he loudly cried,
"Why do you not stand still?
If ever I milk you, Tiny, again,
'Twill be sore against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the sty,
And hit his head against a beam,
Which made him groan and sigh.

He went to watch the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray;
But he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun every day.

And when his wife came home at night
He said 'twas plain to see
That she could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

A DANGEROUS COW

There was an old soldier named Bister
Went walking one day with his sister,
When a cow at one poke
Tossed her into an oak
Before the old gentleman missed her.

THE WOMAN WHO SOLD CODLINS

There was a little woman, as I've been told,
Who was not very young, nor yet very old;
Now this little woman her living got,
By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot.

A NARROW ESCAPE

There was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him.
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him.
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

THE WISE MAN

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble-bush
And scratched out both his eyes.

But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

A CANDLE

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

THE PIPER AND HIS COW

There was a piper had a cow,
  And he'd no hay to give her;
He took his pipes and played her a tune
  And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
  And gave the piper a penny
That he might play another tune
  Of "Corn-stacks are bonnie!"

A VENDER OF PIES

There was an old woman,
  And she sold puddings and pies.
She went to the mill,
  And the dust flew in her eyes.
"Hot pies and cold pies to sell!"
  Wherever she goes
You can follow her by the smell.

TWO BIRDS

There were two birds sat on a stone,
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
One flew away, and then there was one,
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

Of these two birds one back again flew,
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
The other came after, and then there were two,
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
Said one to the other, "Pray, how do you do?"
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.
"Very well, thank you, and pray how do you do?"
  Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

A MEDLEY

There were two blind mice who went to see
  Two cripples run a race.
The ox did fight the bumble-bee
  And scratched him on the face.

TOM TWIG

Little Tom Twig bought a fine bow and arrow,
And what did he shoot at? Why, a poor little sparrow!
Oh, fie, little Tom! with your fine bow and arrow,
How cruel to shoot at a poor little sparrow!

A CALF STORY

There was an old woman sat spinning,
And that is the beginning.
She had a calf, and that's half.
She took it by the tail
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.

THE SLIDERS

Three children sliding on the ice,
  Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
  The rest they ran away.

Oh! had these children been at school,
  Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to penny one
  They had not all been drowned.

Ye parents who have children dear,
  And you, too, that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
  Pray keep them safe at home.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

TIT FOR TAT

Tit for tat;
If you hit my dog,
I'll hit your cat.

THE PRETTY MAIDEN FAIR

"O where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?"
"I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir," says she,
"And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me."

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose,
  When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
  On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
  'Twas built in a wood,
And an owl at the door
  For a sentinel stood.

She had a son Jack,
  A plain-looking lad,
Who was not very good,
  Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market;
  A live goose he bought.
"Here, mother," says he,
  "It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
  Grew very fond;
They both ate together
  And swam in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
  As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
  An egg of pure gold.

Jack ran to his mother
The news for to tell,
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold the gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then the Jew stole the goose,
Which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother gave chase,
And got the goose soon,
Then mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

THE MAN AND THE APPLES

There was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

The man had one eye, and on the tree were two apples of which he took one.

MR. TODD

There was a man whose name was Todd,
And he jumped into a pea-pod.
The pea-pod was over-narrow,
So he jumped into a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow began to crack,
So he jumped into a haystack.
The haystack was dusty, the wind blew a breeze,
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze!

DICK IN A HURRY

Nimble Dick, he ran so quick,
He tumbled over a timber.
He bent his bow to shoot a crow,
And hit a cat in a window.

CANDLE-SAVING

"To make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To blow 'em out's the only way,"
Says honest John Boldero.

MARY AT THE GATE

Two, four, six, eight,
Mary's at the garden gate
Eating cherries off a plate,
Two, four, six, eight.

A DISASTER

Two gray kits and the gray kits' mother
All went over a bridge together.
The bridge broke down and they all fell in;
"May the rats go with you," says Tom Bolin.

ONE, TWO, THREE, AND FOUR LEGS

Two legs sat upon three legs
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

One leg is a leg of mutton; two legs is a man; three legs is a stool; four legs is a dog.

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The dog was laughing.

She went to the fishmarket
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking a dish.

She went to the chamber
To make up his bed,
And when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the garden
To get him a pear,
And when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the grocer's
To buy him some fruit,
And when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the shoeshop
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
And when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant;"
The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

THE RIDERS

To market ride the gentlemen,
  So do we, so do we.
Then come the country boys,
  Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee.
First go the ladies, nim, nim, nim;
Next come the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim.
Then come the country lads gallop-a-trot.

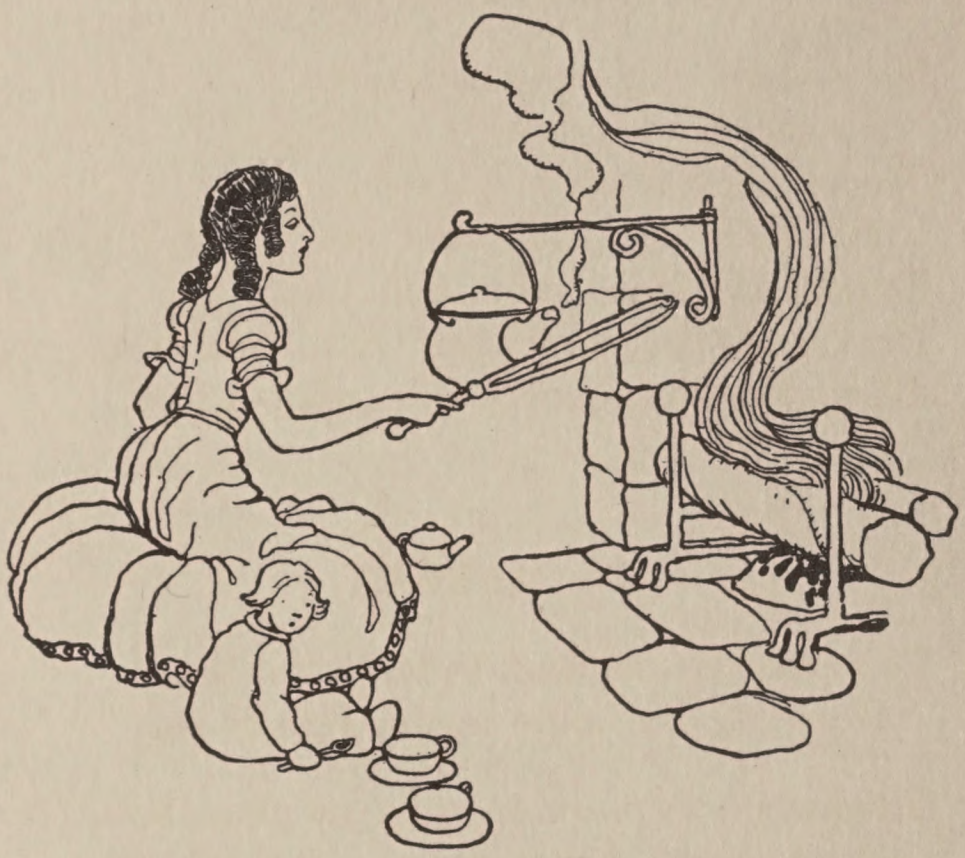
TO MARKET

To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
  Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
  Home again, home again, market is done.

THE KILKENNY CATS

There were once two cats of Kilkenny,
And each thought there was one cat too many.
So they fought and they fit
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.



TEA

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They've all gone away.

THE ROSE IS RED

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The pink is sweet and so are you.

THE SONG OF THE WAVES

The waves never sleep; by night and by day
They leap and they dance, they tumble and play,
And sing a sweet song, but what do they say?

THE CROWS

This crow says, "What think you, birds, I saw this morn?"
This crow says, "I know, my dear; it must be corn."
This crow says, "How many birds will go with me?"
This crow says, "Be patient, friends; a man I see."
This crow says: "Caw, caw! caw, caw! he has a gun!
Now let's be off—fly every one!"

TWO INDIAN BOYS

Tom Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay,
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

The rose is red, the violet's blue

THE TWO DOGS

Two little dogs
Sat by the fire,
Beside a scuttle of coal-dust;
Said one little dog
To the other little dog,
"If you don't talk, why, I must."

HAND-WASHING TIME

Wash, hands, wash,
Daddy's gone to plough;
If you want your hands washed
Have them washed now.

THE WEEK

Wash on Monday,
Iron on Tuesday,
Mend on Wednesday,
Churn on Thursday,
Sweep on Friday,
Bake on Saturday,
Go to meeting on Sunday.

V AND I

When V and I together meet
They make the number Six complete.
When I with V doth meet once more,
Then 'tis they two can make but Four;
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"Pray, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.

WILLY BOY

"Willy Boy, Willy Boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."
"I'm going to the meadow to see the men mowing;
I'm going to help them make the hay."

THE WAY TO LONDON TOWN

See-saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up and the other down,
And that is the way to London town.

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But the only tune that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off."

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased the girls and delighted the boys;
And they liked to stop and hear him play
His "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still.
Whenever they heard him they began to dance,
And even the pigs on their hind legs would prance.

A SACRIFICE

Tommy Trot, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay on straw,
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

GOBBLE AND HOBBLE

The girl in the lane,
  Who couldn't speak plain,
Cried, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!'

The man on the hill,
  Who couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

WHISTLE

Whistle, daughter, whistle; whistle, daughter dear.
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot whistle clear.
Whistle, daughter, whistle; whistle for a pound.
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot make a sound.

TOM AND THE PIG

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Caught a pig to have some fun;
But piggy bit and got away,
And Tommy cried for half a day.

GOING A-MAYING

Trip and go, heave and ho!
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove,
A-Maying, a-playing,
Love hath no gainsaying!
So, merrily trip and go!
So, merrily trip and go!

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDDLER

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
Who went to market her eggs to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.
There came by a peddler, whose name was Stout,
He cut off her petticoats all round about;
He cut off her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the old woman commence to freeze.

When this old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Oh, deary, deary me! this is none of I."

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me.
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh, deary, deary me! this is none of I."

THE MAN OF DERBY

A little old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.

WHAT CHARLEY LIKES

Charley loves good cake and pie,
  Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the girls
  When they are clean and handy.

JOHN BROWN'S LITTLE INDIAN

John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
One little Indian boy;
One little, two little, three little Indians,
Four little, five little, six little Indians,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,
Ten little Indian boys.
Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians,
Seven little, six little, five little Indians,
Four little, three little, two little Indians,
One little Indian boy.

THE JOLLY WELSHMEN

There were three jolly Welshmen,
  As I have heard say,
And they went a-hunting
  All on a summer's day.

From morn till night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
  Another said, "Nay;"
The third said it was a house
  With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
  A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
  Another said, "Nay;"
The third said it was a cheese,
  With half of it cut away.

They hunted and they hunted
  And nothing could they find
But a woman in the road,
  And her they left behind.

One said it was a woman,
  Another said, "Nay;"
The third said it was an angel
  With the wings blown away.

They hunted and they hunted
  And nothing could they find
But a frog by a pondside,
  And that they left behind.

The first said it was a frog
  The second said, "Nay;"
The third said it was a canary-bird
  With the feathers blown away.

They hunted and they hunted
  And nothing could they find
But a barn in a meadow
  And that they left behind.

One said it was a barn,
  Another said, "Nay;"
The third said it was a meeting-house
  With the steeple blown away.

And all the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble-bush,
  And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
  The second he said, "Nay;"
The third said it was a pin-cushion,
  And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field,
  And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
  The second he said, "Nay;"
The third said it was a calf
  And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly tree,
  And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
  Another said, "Nay;"
The third said it was the Evil One
  And the hunters ran away.

YANKEE DOODLE

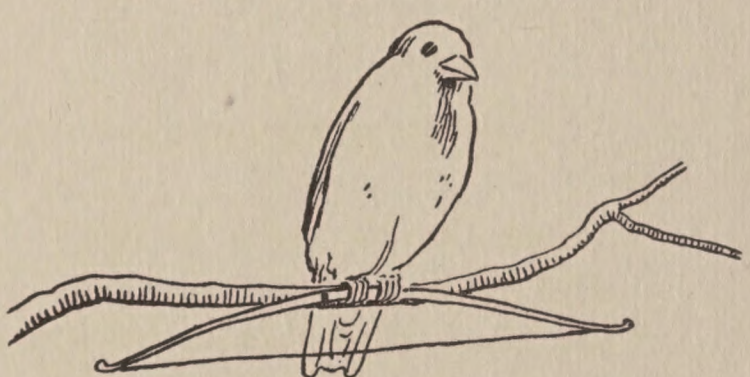
Yankee Doodle came to town
  Riding on a pony;
They stuck a feather in his hat
  And called him Macaroni.

ROGER AND DOLLY

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,
  Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump!
He asked for admittance. She answered him, "No!"
  Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump!
"No, no, Roger, no! As you came you may go!"
  Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump!

A BATTLE THAT WAS NOT FOUGHT

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
  Resolved to have a battle;
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
  Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow
  As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so
  They quite forgot their quarrel.



THE DEATH OF COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?
  "I," said the sparrow,
  "With my bow and arrow;
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the fly.
"With my little eye;
I saw him die."

Who'll make his shroud?
"I," said the beetle,
"With my thread and needle;
I'll make his shroud."

Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the owl,
"With my spade and shovel;
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the dove,
"Because of my love;
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll be the parson
"I," said the rook,
"With my little book;
I'll be the parson."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the kite,
"If it's not in the night;
I'll carry him to the grave."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"Because I can pull;
I'll toll the bell."

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Up the streets and down the streets in his nightgown.
He raps at many a window and cries through many a lock,
"Are the children in their beds? for now it's eight o'clock."

THE STOLEN TARTS

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts called for those tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore.
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

THE LESSON

Who is that I heard call?
Little Sam in the hall.
What does he do there?
He asked for a pear.
For a pear does he look?
Can he read in his book?
He can't read it yet.
Then nothing shall he get;
But give him a bite
When he says his task right.
Till that is well done
Take you care he has none.

The Queen of Hearts

A MELANCHOLY SONG

Trip upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm, some barm;
She bade me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
For fear the young men should do me some harm.
Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me?

They broke my pitcher,
And spilt the water,
And huffed my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.

TROT, TROT

Trot, trot to Boston
To buy a loaf of bread.
Home again, home again,
All gone to bed.

THE KING OF FRANCE

The King of France with twenty thousand men
Marched up a hill, and then marched down again.

SAMMY SOAPSUDS

When little Sammy Soapsuds
  Went out to take a ride;
In looking over London Bridge
  He fell into the tide.

His parents never having taught
  Their loving Sam to swim,
The tide soon got the mastery,
  And made an end of him.

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER GANDER

When Mother Goose visits the Man in the Moon
She needs not an airship, nor yet a balloon;
On the back of her gander she mounts in the air,
And swiftly and safely he carries her there.

SUPPER

There's hot boiled beans and very good butter;
So if you're hungry, come to supper.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND THE MAID

The king was in his counting-house,
  Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
  Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes;
Along came a little bird
And snapped off her nose.

TO BE CONTINUED

A certain young farmer of Ayr,
Started with sheep for the fair.
He reached the new bridge of Dover,
And leaving his sheep went over.
At the end of the bridge is an inn,
Where often before he had been;
Of the inns of the town 'twas the best,
And the farmer said, "Here I will' rest.'

The number of sheep was so great,
So narrow, too, was the sheep-gate,
That to get them all over, and where
Was resting the farmer of Ayr,
Will take us nine days, maybe ten.
The story must stop until then.

A FARMYARD CONVERSATION

Hen. Cock, cock, cock, cock,
I've laid an egg,
Am I to go *ba-are-foot?*
Cock. Hen, hen, hen, hen,
I've been up and down
To every shop in town
And cannot find a shoe
To fit your old *spla-ay-foot.*

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in it
They all took one and left four in it.

There was only one girl, for the names in the first line are different forms of the same name.

KITTY THE SPINNER

Kitty the spinner
Will sit down to dinner
And eat the leg of a frog;
All good people
Look over the steeple
And see the cat play with the dog.

MISTRESS McSHUTTLE

Old Mistress McShuttle
  Lived in a coal-scuttle
Along with her dog and her cat.
  What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well
  That none of the party were fat.

A STARTER

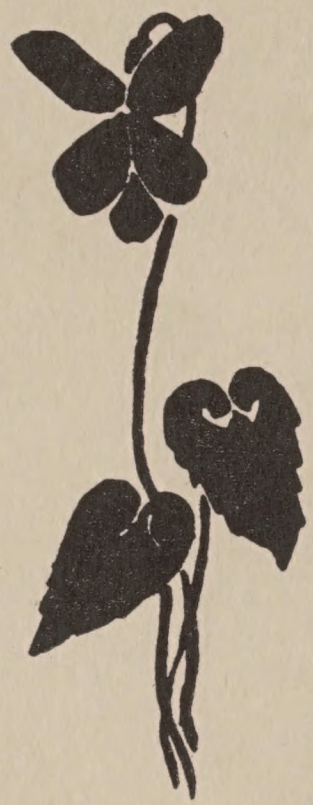
One to begin,
  And two to show,
Three to make ready
  And four to go.

JACKY

When Jacky's a very good boy,
  He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry
  He shall have nothing but mustard.

IF

If ifs and ands
  Were pots and pans
There would be no need for tinkers.



FLOWERS

Flowers, flowers, high-ho!
Sheeny, greeny, rino!
Sheeny, greeny,
Sheeny, greeny,
Rum tum fro!

NIGHT AND DAY

When the moon begins to peep
Little girls should be asleep.
The great big sun shines all the day,
And then the girls can see to play.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS ARE MADE OF

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

THE PRETTY LITTLE GIRL

A pretty little girl in a nice white cap
I met on the street t'other day.
She gave me such a thump,
That my heart it went bump;
I thought I should have fainted away!
I thought I should have fainted away!

A COUNTING-OUT RHYME

Hickory, dickory, 6 and 7,
Alabone, crackabone, 10 and 11,
Spin spun muskidun,
Twiddle um, twaddle um, 21.

BOBBY SHAFTO

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee;
When he comes back he'll marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's tall and fair,
And he has pretty yellow hair,
He's my love for evermore,
Bonny Bobby Shafto!

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CAT

There was an old woman who rode on a broom,
With a high gee ho gee humble,
And she took her old cat behind for a groom,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

They travelled along till they came to the sky,
With a high gee ho gee humble;
And the cat got so hungry that he began to cry,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says Tom, "I can find nothing here to eat,"
With a high gee ho gee humble;
"So let us go back again, I entreat,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

His mistress, however, refused to go so soon,
With a high gee ho gee humble;
For she wanted to visit the Man in the Moon,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says Tom, "I'll go back by myself to our house,"
With a high gee ho gee humble;
"For there I can catch a nice rat or a mouse,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

"But," says the old woman, "how will you go?"
With a high gee ho gee humble.
"You sha'n't have my nag, I protest and vow,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

"No, no," says Tom, "I've a plan of my own,"
With a high gee ho gee humble.
Then he slid down a rainbow and left her alone,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

So now, if you happen to visit the sky,
With a high gee ho gee humble,
And want to come back, you Tom's method try,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

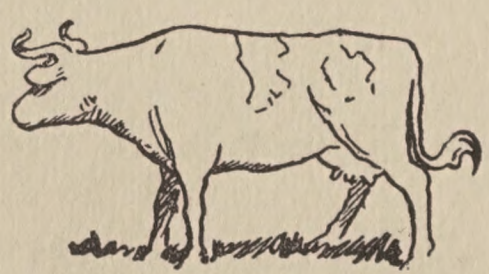
This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog

That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

FIVE TOES

This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none,
This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

SEEKING A WIFE

When I was a bachelor
  I lived by myself;
And all the bread and cheese I got
  I put upon a shelf.

The rats and the mice
  They led me such a life,
That I went to London town
  To get myself a wife.

The roads were so bad,
  And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
  In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
  And my wife had a fall;
Down tumbled wheelbarrow,
  Little wife and all.

KING ARTHUR'S PUDDING

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a worthy king;
He took three sacks of barley-meal,
And made a bag pudding.

A bag pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And all the court beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

THE NEWS

What's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A, B, C, and D	18
A carrion crow sat on an oak	20
A certain young farmer of Ayr	172
A diller, a dollar	55
A dog and a cock a journey once took	51
A farmer went trotting	16
A flock of white sheep	20
A frog he would a-wooing go	59
Ah! hear the wind blow	12
Ah! once I courted as pretty a lass	18
A house full, a yard full	10
A is an angler	83
A little boy and a little girl	37
A little boy went into a field	63
A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree	31
A little old man of Derby	160
A little pig found a twenty dollar note	28
A long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig	21
A magpie sat on a pear tree	34
An apple pie when it looks nice	19
A pretty little girl in a nice white cap	176
April showers	99
As I was going along, long, long	36
As I was going to Bonner	73
As I was going to Derby all on a market-day	21
As I was going to St. Ives	28
As I was going up Pippin Hill	89

	PAGE
As I was going up the hill	38
As I was going up the old church steeple	21
As I went by our little pigsty	22
As I went over the water	22
As I went through the garden gap	67
As I went up Salt Lake	29
As little Jenny Wren	29
As soon as I could bait my hook	38
As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks	26
A swarm of bees in May	26
At early morn the spiders spin	26
Awake, arise, and with your eyes	56
A was an apple pie	25
Away, birds, away	28
Baa, baa, black sheep	24
Barber, barber, shave a pig	39
Bat, bat	71
Big A, little A, bouncing B	7
Billy, Billy, come and play	14
Birds of a feather flock together	75
Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go	38
Bobby Shafto's gone to sea	176
"Bow, wow," says the dog	24
Bow, wow, wow	79
Bonny lass, canny lass, will you be mine	29
Bring out the carriage exactly at five	29
Brow brinky	76
Buttons, a penny a pair	76
Bye, baby bunting	64
Charley, Charley	30

	PAGE
Charley loves good cake and pie	160
Cherries ripe, cherries ripe	30
Cock-a-doodle-doo	34
Cock, cock, cock, cock	172
Cold and raw the north winds blow	45
Come dance a jig	40
Come hither, little puppy dog	32
Come when you're called	52
"Croak!" said a toad, "I'm hungry I think	36
Cross-patch	36
Daffy-Down-Dilly has come up to town	26
Dame get up and bake your pies	37
Dame Trot and her cat	6
Dame, what makes your duck to die	37
Dance, little baby, dance up high	42
Dan, Dan, the one-legged man	74
Darby, Darby, jig, jig, jig	74
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, doe	77
Dickery, dickery, dare	77
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John	41
Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty	41
Ding, dong, bell	56
Ding, dong, darrow	45
Doodle, doodle, doo	42
Down in a meadow	42
Early to bed	11
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess	173
Elsie Marley is grown so fine	52
Fal de ral daddle	52
F for fig, J for jig	2

PAGE

"Fire! Fire!" said Mrs. McGuire 64
Fishy, fishy, in the brook 64
Flour of England, fruit of Spain 45
Flowers, flowers, high-ho 175
For every evil under the sun 46
Four and twenty tailors went to hunt a snail 73
Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie 73
Girls and boys, come out to play 19
Good night 73
Go tell Mr. Jatts 43
Goosey, goosey, gander 11
Grasshopper, grasshopper, grasshopper gray 25
Gray mouse, gray mouse 46
Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy 46
Hannah Bantry in the pantry 46
Hark, hark 49
Have you ever heard of Billy Pringle's pig 44
Hector Protector was dressed all in green 44
Heetum Peetum, penny pie 44
Here goes my lord 7
Here she comes! Here she comes 81
Here sits the Lord Mayor 62
Here we go round the bramble-bush 48
Here we go up, up, up 49
Hey diddle, diddle 91
Hey ding a ding, what shall I sing 81
Hey, my kitten, my kitten 95
Hickamore, Hackamore 56
Hickety, pickety, my black hen 103
Hickory, dickory, dock 107

PAGE
Hickory, dickory, 6 and 7 176
Hickup, snickup 53
Higgledy piggledy 53
High, ding, straps of leather 53
Hop away, skip away, my baby wants to play 68
Hot-cross buns 41
How do you do, neighbor? 63
How many days has my baby to play 64
How many miles is it to Babylon 57
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall 57
Hunks of cold pudding 57
Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still in your cradle 57
Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top 58
Hush, my pretty dolly, I pray you don't cry 50
I do not like you, Doctor Fell 50
If all the seas were one sea 50
If all the world was apple pie 66
If I'd as much money as I could spend 75
If ifs and ands 174
If I had a donkey that was too slow 17
If wishes were horses 87
If you are to be a gentleman, as I suppose you'll be 22
I had a little cow 58
I had a little hen, the cleverest ever seen 58
I had a little hobby horse 76
I had a little manikin 111
I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear 54
I had a little pony 54
I had a little servant, his name was Willy Bell 65
I had two pigeons bright and gay 115

	PAGE
I have a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep	9
I like little pussy, her coat is so warm	89
I'll sing you a song	89
I'll tell you a story	92
I love my love with an A because he's Agreeable	67
I'm in everyone's way	67
In a cottage in Fife	74
I saw a ship a-sailing	66
I saw three ships go sailing by	70
It snows and it blows, and the frost bites my nose	70
I've seen you where you never was	65
I won't be my father's Jack	119
I would if I could	72
Jack and Jill went up the hill	15
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick	27
Jack Jingle went prentice to make a horse-shoe	2
Jack Sprat could eat no fat	120
Jack Sprat had a pig	65
Jacky, come give me your fiddle	69
Jeanie come tie my	69
Jenny shall have a new bonnet	68
Jerry Hall, he is so small	68
John Brown had a little Indian	160
Kitty the spinner	173
Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home	68
Lavender blue and rosemary green	72
"Let's go to bed	72
"Let us go to the wood," said this pig	54
Little Betty Blue	17
Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep	123

	PAGE
Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn	131
Little folks, little folks	40
Little girl, little girl, where have you been	40
Little Jack-a-dandy	127
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner	8
Little Jack Jelf	77
Little Jack Jingle	77
Little King Boggan, he built a fine hall	45
Little Miss Muffet	88
Little Nancy Etticoat	137
Little Nell Parret	90
Little Polly Flinders	69
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree	133
Little Tim Pratt	71
Little Tommy Grace	88
Little Tommy Tittlemouse	88
Little Tom Tucker	79
Little Tom Twig bought a fine bow and arrow	139
Lives in winter	101
Lock the dairy door	106
Long legs, crooked thighs	106
Lucy Locket, lost her pocket	90
Margaret wrote a letter	90
Mary had a pretty bird	80
Merry are the bells and merry do they ring	80
Milkman, milkman, where have you been	80
Miss Jane had a little bag, and a mouse was in it	78
Mistress Mary, quite contrary	47
Molly, my sister, and I fell out	78
Moss was a little man, and a little mare did buy	78

	PAGE
Multiplication is vexation	27
My father died and left me a plough	96
My Johnny was a shoemaker	4
My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind	82
My mother and your mother	82
My wife Mary, she minds the dairy	82
Needles and pins, needles and pins	82
Nimble Dick, he ran so quick	145
Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see	97
Oh dear! what can the matter be	93
Oh deary me, oh la!	93
Oh, what a sweet little white mouse	93
O! where are you going	141
Oh! where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy	94
Old King Cole	97
Old Mistress McShuttle	174
Old Mother Goose	142
Old Mother Hubbard	147
Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye	100
Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing	100
O madam, I will give you the keys of Canterbury	100
Once I saw a little bird	99
One misty moisty morning	99
One morn I went out early the world to admire	98
One old Oxford ox opening oysters	98
One's none	102
One to begin	174
1, 2, 3, 4, 5	23
One, two, three, the bumble bee	102
One two, tie my shoe	102

	PAGE
O that I was where I would be	103
Out in the woods there is a bird	104
Over the water, and over the sea	104
Over the water, and under the water	106
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man	9
Pease pudding hot	106
Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater	105
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers	105
Pippy is a pretty girl	105
Pit, pat, well-a-day	105
Please to remember	104
Polly put the kettle on	151
Poor dog Sprite	108
Poor old Robinson Crusoe	108
Pussy-cat ate the dumplings, the dumplings	108
Pussy-cat lay on the floor	109
Pussy-cat Mole	109
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been	109
Pussy, where have you been today	122
Quaker, Quaker, how is thee	123
Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit pie	127
Rain, rain, go away	119
Riddle me, riddle me, ree	114
Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me, ree	35
Riddle me, riddle me, what is that	112
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross	112
Ride, baby, ride	112
Ring around the rosie	112
Robert Barnes, fellow fine	110
Robin-a-Bobbin	110

	PAGE
Robin and Richard were two little men	110
Robin the Bobbin, the big bouncing Ben	113
Rompty iddity, row, row, row	113
Rowsty dowt, my fire's all out	113
Rub-a-dub-dub	118
Says Aaron to Moses	132
Says Paul to Peter	132
See-saw, Margery Daw	115
See-saw, sacaradown	155
Sell my father's feather-bed	114
Shoe the old horse, and shoe the old mare	114
Simple Simon met a pieman	116
Sing a song of sixpence	117
Sing, sing, what shall I sing	117
Sing song! merry go round	118
Six little mice sat down to spin	1
Solomon Grundy	120
Summer breeze, so softly blowing	9
Swan swam over the sea	120
Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was in grief	121
The cock doth crow	121
The cock's on the housetop blowing his horn	121
The dog came in with the saddle	122
The dove says, "Coo, coo, what shall I do	1
The fox and the stork sat down for to chat	122
The girl in the lane	157
The greedy man is he who sits	12
The King of France with twenty thousand men	169
The king was in his counting-house	170
The lion and the unicorn	124

PAGE
The maid is milking, and the cock is crowing 124
The Man in the Moon 124
The Man in the Moon looked out of the moon 133
The miller, he grinds his corn, his corn 125
The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub 125
The pettitoes are little feet 125
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts 168
There's hot boiled beans and very good butter 170
There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile 126
There was a jolly miller 126
There was a little girl 12
There was a little man, and he had a little flute 126
There was a little man, and he had a little gun 3
There was a little man, and he had a little mind 128
There was a little woman, as I've been told 136
There was a man, and he had naught 136
There was a man, and his name was Dob 4
There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise 136
There was a man in our town, in our town, in our town 6
There was a man who had no eyes 144
There was a man whose name was Todd 144
There was an old man who lived in a wood 134
There was an old soldier named Bister 135
There was an old woman, and she sold puddings and pies 137
There was an old woman, and what do you think 131
There was an old woman as I've heard tell 158

PAGE
There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all 132
There was an old woman lived under under a hill 132
There was an old woman sat spinning 139
There was an old woman tossed up in a basket 13
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe 8
There was an old woman who rode on a broom 177
There was an owl lived in an oak 43
There was a piper had a cow 137
There were once two cats of Kilkenny 150
There were three jolly Welshmen 161
There were two birds sat on a stone 138
There were two blind mice who went to see 138
The rose is red, the violet's blue 152
The waves never sleep; by night and by day 152
Thirty days hath September 16
This crow says, "What think you, birds, I saw this morn 152
This is the house that Jack built 179
This little pig went to market 184
Thomas and Alice met in the dark 10
Thomas a' Tattamus took two T's 5
Three blind mice, see how they run 35
Three children sliding on the ice 140
Three wise men of Gotham 140
Tit for tat 140
To make your candles last for aye 145
To market ride the gentlemen 150
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog 150
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys 152
Tom, he was a piper's son 156

	PAGE
Tommy's tears and Mary's fears	39
Tommy Trot, a man of law	156
Tom, Tom, the piper's son	158
Trip and go, heave and ho	158
Trip upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes	169
Trot, trot to Boston	169
'Twas Christmas Eve, the day's work o'er	8
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee	165
Two, four, six, eight	146
Two gray kits and the gray kits' mother	146
Two legs sat upon three legs	146
Two little dogs	153
Uncle John is very sick; what shall we send him	14
Wash, hands, wash	153
Wash my lady's dishes	2
Wash on Monday	153
Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town	167
What are little boys made of, made of	175
What's the news of the day	185
When good King Arthur ruled this land	185
When I was a bachelor	184
When I was a little boy I washed my mother's floor	13
When Jacky's a very good boy	174
When little Sammy Soapsuds	170
When Mother Goose visits the Man in the Moon	170
When the moon begins to peep	175
When V and I together meet	154
Where are you going, my pretty maid	154
Whistle, daughter, whistle; whistle, daughter dear	157

PAGE
Who is that I heard call 168
Who killed Cock Robin 165
Willy Boy, Willy Boy, where are you going 155
Wire, brier, limber lock 5
Yankee Doodle came to town 164
Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window 164
You shall have an apple 9

705